

"DOCTOR WHO"SERIES 'Q' - EPISODE FOUR - THE FINAL PHASEby GLYN JONES.

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THE CAST

DOCTOR WHO  
IAN CHESTERTON  
BARBARA WRIGHT  
VICKI

LOBOS  
TOR  
SITA  
DAKO

MOROK COMMANDER  
MOROK GUARD  
DALEK

OUTSIDE REHEARSALS: 19th - 23rd April 1965.  
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Wood Lane, W.12. Shepherds Bush  
( TUBE: White City (Central Line)  
Shepherds Bush (Central or Met.Line).)

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Doctor Who is the subject for an experiment;  
the TARDIS is captured by the Moroks - and  
an old enemy makes a re-appearance.

"DOCTOR WHO"

(SERIAL Q)

EPISODE FOUR: "The Final Phase"

by

Glyn Jones.

F.I. CAM

SUPOSE CAM

Opening  
Titles:

1. INT. LOBOS' OFFICE. DAY.

(LOBOS MOVES TO A DOOR,  
STANDS BY IT, IT  
LEADS OFF FROM HIS  
OFFICE)

IAN: Is he in there?

LOBOS: Yes.

IAN: Open it.

LOBOS: Do you still think  
I am bluffing?

(IAN TURNS, SIGNALS  
THE WAITING GUARD  
TO MOVE ACROSS AND  
OPEN THE DOOR)

SUPOSE CAM    Opening  
                 Credit  
                 Titles:

"THE FINAL PHASE"

(THE CREDIT CAPTION  
FADES.

THE GUARD MOVES ACROSS,  
DOES SO. LOBOS,  
NERVOUS, BUT TRUE  
TO HIMSELF IS RESUMING  
WITH HIS SLIGHTLY SUPERIOR  
SMILE.

IAN WATCHES HIM.

THE GUARD OPENS THE DOOR,  
STEPS BACK)

SUPOSE CAM    Author's  
                 Caption:

"WRITTEN BY GLYN JONES"

(THE CREDIT CAPTION  
FADES.

IAN LOOKS AT EACH OF  
THEM IN TURN, THEN  
DECIDING, STEPS FORWARD  
TO TAKE A LOOK.



CUT TO A REVERSE SHOT  
AS IAN MOVES INTO THE  
DOOR FRAME. HE LOOKS IN,  
THEN UP, AN EXPRESSION  
OF HORROR COMES OVER  
IAN'S FACE)

IAN: Doctor!

(WE HOLD MOMENTARILY  
ON IAN, THEN:)

2. INT. PREPARATION ROOM. DAY.

(DOCTOR WHO IS LEANING BACK IN  
AN UPRIGHT POSITION, AGAINST A  
BOARD OF SOME KIND, MARBLE OR  
OTHERWISE.

HE IS RIGID, AND, ALTHOUGH HIS  
EYES ARE OPEN, HE APPEARS TO BE  
SIGHTLESS. HIS FACE IS DRAWN,  
AND LIKE WAX.

WE FEATURE IAN AGAIN, AS, WITH  
THE RAY GUN, HE INDICATES FOR  
LOBOS AND THE GUARD TO JOIN HIM)

IAN: What have you done to him?

LOBOS: I don't think you would appreciate  
the technicalities.

IAN: Just tell me what you've done.

LOBOS: He has completed the second stage of  
preparation. He is as good as dead. My  
only defence is that experiments such as  
this, are necessary.

IAN: Necessary?

LOBOS: You must admit that this will be of  
great value to future generations.

IAN: I've heard all about future  
generations before. I haven't got time to  
stand here and discuss morals with you.  
Bring him back!

(LOBOS EYES IAN, SEES THE DETERMINED MOOD, REACTS, AND CROSSES OVER TO A SMALL CONTROL BOX. IT IS LINED WITH DIALS, METERS, ETC.)

IAN: (cont) And remember I shall be watching you very carefully, Lobos.

LOBOS: I shall be very careful too.

IAN: What's the box for?

LOBOS: As I said, you will not understand the technicalities.

IAN: Just don't try any tricks.

LOBOS: There are no tricks in science. Only facts. Now, Doctor - let us see if we can put some colour back into those cheeks.

(IAN WATCHES LOBOS ANXIOUSLY. THE BOX STARTS TO EMIT A LOW HUM, WHICH RISES INTENTLY)

IAN: How long will it take?

LOBOS: That is difficult to say. He is an old man. He will take longer to recover.

(WE GO IN CLOSE ON LOBOS FOR:)

Perhaps ... he never will.

3. INT. TOR'S ROOM. DAY.

(WE GO IN AND SEE SITA BRINGING IN RAY GUNS, AND STACKING THEM AGAINST THE WALL OF THE REVOLUTIONARY HEADQUARTERS ON A PILE THERE)

SITA: That's the lot, Tor.



(VICKI IS WATCHING THE ACTIVITY WITH A GROWING IMPATIENCE, AS TOR DIRECTS THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE ARMS AMONGST A GROUP OF XERON YOUTH)

TOR: Move along - hurry up.

VICKI: Tor?

TOR: Just a moment, Vicki.

(THE XERONS PAUSE IN TAKING THEIR ARMS AS TOR ADDRESSES THEM)

Now you know the main objective. The Morok Barracks. Most of our force is already on the way there, but we must surprise them - if they mobilise we shall fail!

SITA: Come on, come on - take one ray-gun each.

(VICKI MOVES UP TO TOR AFTER COLLECTING A RAY GUN HERSELF)

VICKI: Will everybody be going to the barracks?

TOR: (NODDING) We need every man, and woman, we can muster, Vicki. Why?

VICKI: Well, if it's all the same to you, I'm going back to the museum.

TOR: The museum?

VICKI: Barbara might still be there. I've got to find her, Tor. And my other friends.

TOR: Look, as soon as we finish ...

VICKI: (SHAKING HER HEAD) Now! It may be too late otherwise ...

TOR: No, I won't let you go.

VICKI: I won't let you stop me.

TOR: But if you're captured.

VICKI: The Moroks won't know of the revolt - I'm not likely to tell them.

TOR: You won't have to - the gun will give us away - they'll check the armoury.

(VICKI THINKS ON THIS, OFFERS  
THE RAY GUN BACK, TOR TAKES IT)

VICKI: I'm still going. I'll have to try and find them, tell them what's going on - there's no knowing what they'll do otherwise. If I am captured - I'll hope you're successful, and reach us in time. It sounds silly but whatever I decide to do may be wrong ... I've got to find them.

(VICKI TURNS, TOR WATCHES HER  
GO, AND THEN:)

TOR: Vicki.

VICKI: (TURNING) Yes?

TOR: Wait. (HE CALLS) Sita ...

(SITA MOVES INTO SHOT AS TOR  
GIVES VICKI HER RAY GUN)

Go with Vicki to the museum - we'll join you later.

SITA: Yes, but ...

TOR: Don't argue, Sita - do what she tells you.

(SITA LOOKS AT VICKI AS TOR  
TURNS TO THE NOW FULLY  
ARMED GROUP)

Ready? Good. Let's go.



VICKI: Come on, Sita ...

(WE FOLLOW VICKI AND SITA  
OUT OF THE ROOM, AND THEN CUT  
TO:)

4. EXT. MUSEUM BUILDING. DAY.

(OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM, THREE  
MOROK GUARDS ARE MANHANDLING  
THE TARDIS CLEAR OF THE EN-  
TRANCE, AND BACK AGAINST  
THE MUSEUM WALL.

WITH THE TELEPHONE BOX IN  
POSITION THEY BRING UP A  
CUTTING DEVICE, AND START TO  
ATTEMPT TO CUT THEIR WAY  
IN, AROUND THE LOCK.

THEY ARE DOING THIS WHEN  
THE MOROK COMMANDER MOVES  
INTO FRAME)

COMMANDER: All right - leave that! Where is  
the relief guard for this entrance?

(ONE OF THE MOROK GUARDS MOVES  
ACROSS TO THE COMMANDER)

GUARD TWO: There was nobody here when we  
arrived, sir.

COMMANDER: You - take over the watch.

GUARD TWO: Yes, sir.

COMMANDER: I'll get to the bottom of this -  
you two, follow me ...

(THE OTHER TWO GUARDS FOLLOW  
THE MOROK COMMANDER OUT OF  
FRAME.

THE GUARD TWO MOVES INTO A  
SENTRY POSITION BESIDE THE  
MUSEUM DOORWAY. WE PAN  
WITH HIM, THEN, WHEN HE  
TAKES UP A STANCE, LOSE  
HIM AND PAN ONTO THE  
DOOR. WE CLOSE IN AND  
CUT TO:)



5. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(WE PICK UP ON BARBARA AND DAKO WHERE WE LEFT THEM. UNDER THE GAS THEY ARE IN COLLAPSED POSITIONS ON THE FLOOR.

WE FEATURE BARBARA, AND, WITH A SUPREME EFFORT, SHE MANAGES TO GET UP, HER MUSCLES STRAINING UNDER THE EFFORT.

SHE MOVES ACROSS TO DAKO, AND, SHAKING HIM, ROUSES HIM ENOUGH FOR HIM TO TRY AND CRAWL TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE, GROANING AS HE DOES SO.

WE WATCH THEIR PAINFUL EFFORTS TO DRAG THEMSELVES ALONG THE CORRIDOR, AND, AS THEY GO OUT OF FRAME, WE MIX TO:)

6. INT. PREPARATION ROOM. DAY.

(WE COME UP ON THE CONTROL BOX OF THE PREPARING PROCESS AND, PULLING OUT SEE THAT LOBOS IS STILL STANDING THERE READING THE CONTROLS.

THE MOROK GUARD ONE IS IN THE BACKGROUND, IAN COVERING BOTH OF THEM AND WATCHING LOBOS.

DOCTOR WHO REMAINS AS WE FIRST SAW HIM, STANDING STIFFLY, AND WAX-LIKE)

LOBOS: His temperature is returning to normal.

(LOBOS TURNS TO SEE IAN STARING AT HIM, STARTS TO EXCUSE HIMSELF)

After a temperature of several hundred degrees below freezing, it is a complicated process.

-9-  
IAN: How much longer?

LOBOS: I do not know. I have never tried before to reverse the process.

IAN: You sound confident.

(LOBOS LOOKS AT IAN'S  
RAY GUN, AND:)

LOBOS: I have to be.

(LOBOS CONTINUES TO  
MANIPULATE CONTROLS ON THE  
PANEL.

WE GET A SHOT OF DOCTOR  
WHO BUT CAN AS YET SEE  
NO CHANGE IN HIS CONDITION)

LOBOS: Normal body temperature has been reached.

(IAN, ON THIS, REACHES OUT  
AND TOUCHES THE DOCTOR'S  
HAND. LOBOS SEES THIS)

Well?

IAN: (NODDING) Hand's warm.

LOBOS: Good. We should not have long to wait.

(WE FEATURE THE DOCTOR  
AND, AFTER A SECOND OR  
SO, SEE HIM BLINK,  
THEN HIS LIP MOVES  
SLIGHTLY)

DOCTOR WHO: No - not long at all.

IAN: Doctor!

(IAN REACTS AS DOCTOR  
WHO MOVES SLOWLY,  
RECOVERING A LITTLE.

LOBOS MAKES A MOVE  
BUT IAN IS ALERT. HE  
BRINGS HIS RAY GUN AROUND)



IAN: Wait - over there.

(LOBOS TAKES THE DIRECTION  
OF THE GUN AND MOVES  
TO STAND NEAR THE MOROK  
GUARD ONE)

DOCTOR WHO: Never mind about him, Chesterton.  
Help me to a chair.

(IAN LENDS THE DOCTOR  
AN ARM, HELPS HIM TO  
A CHAIR IN THE ROOM)

IAN: Are you all right?

DOCTOR WHO: Splendid - apart from an attack  
of rheumatism. Always comes on when it's  
cold ...

IAN: Does it? I don't remember you  
complaining.

DOCTOR WHO: Possibly not - but it's a long  
time since I encountered that sort of  
temperature.

(THE DOCTOR HAS ARRIVED  
AT HIS CHAIR, AS IAN  
HELPS HIM SIT WE CUT TO  
LOBOS AND THE MOROK  
GUARD ONE, AGAINST THE WALL)

LOBOS: When I give the word, you'll rush  
him.

(THE GUARD LOOKS VERY UNHAPPY)

And that's an order.

(WE RESUME ON DOCTOR  
WHO SITTING, AND IAN,  
MORE CONCERNED WITH THE  
DOCTOR, BUT KEEPING AN  
EVER WATCHFUL EYE ON  
LOBOS AND GUARD ONE,  
AND RAY GUN AT THE  
READY.

THE DOCTOR IS STRETCHING,  
MOVING, STILL GETTING THE  
SHIVERS)

IAN: We'd better get the circulation going again.

(IAN STARTS TO RUB  
THE DOCTOR'S SHOULDER  
WITH HIS FREE HAND,  
MUCH TO THE DOCTOR'S  
ANNOYANCE)

DOCTOR WHO: It's nothing to do with the circulation. Stop fussing. Don't do that!

(DURING THIS LOBOS PUSHES  
THE MOROK GUARD ONE)

LOBOS: Now!

(IAN AT ONCE TURNS, AND  
POINTS THE RAY GUN.

THE MOROK GUARD ONE  
STOPS DEAD IN HIS TRACKS,  
RAISES HIS HANDS AND  
QUICKLY BACKS TO THE  
WALL. HE HAD ABSOLUTELY  
NO ENTHUSIASM IN HIS  
ACTIONS)

DOCTOR WHO: Yes, yes - your soldiers really have no heart for their jobs at all, do they, Governor Lobos?

(LOBOS DOES NOT ANSWER)

Oh, and thank you for getting me out of that little predicament.

(DOCTOR WHO POINTS TO THE  
PREPARATION CONTRAPTION)

LOBOS: The pleasure was all mine.

DOCTOR WHO: Although I would have been better pleased if you'd done it voluntarily.

(THE DOCTOR HAS NOW STOOD.  
HE IS FEELING HIS WAY,  
TRYING HIS LEGS, TESTING  
HIS JOINTS)



IAN: Yes, his conscience did need a little reminder.

DOCTOR WHO: I know, my boy, I know.

IAN: You knew? But you were ...

DOCTOR WHO: Dead? Not at all. I was merely, shall we say, frozen stiff.

IAN: You knew what was going on all the time?

DOCTOR WHO: From the moment you opened the door. Before that, of course, it was very dull.

IAN: It must have been.

DOCTOR WHO: Let me see now. I compiled two Latin crosswords, a little Greek verse and even managed a few square roots. All very boring. I wasn't looking forward to the prospect of spending the next few hundred years doing mental arithmetic.

IAN: I don't suppose it would matter after the first few months. You'd be a raving lunatic.

LOBOS: I would say it was merely a matter of a few weeks. But of course, I have no proof.

DOCTOR WHO: The best thing we could do with you, Lobos, is put you on there yourself. You'd have all the proof you needed then.

(LOBOS REACTS, TERRIFIED)

However, think yourself lucky that my conscience doesn't allow me to go that far: Pity.

7. INT. LOBOS' OFFICE. DAY.

(WE CUT OUTSIDE TO THE  
ADJOINING ROOM, THE OFFICE  
OF GOVERNOR LOBOS.

AS WE GO IN THE MOROK  
COMMANDER AND THE GUARDS  
FROM THE BUILDING  
EXTERIOR ENTER THE OFFICE.

THEY HEAR THE VOICES OF  
DOCTOR WHO, AND IAN, THROUGH  
THE OPEN DOOR OF THE  
PREPARATION ROOM, AND FREEZE  
TO THE MOROK COMMANDER'S  
SIGN)

IAN: (OVER) I think the next step is  
to find Barbara, and Vicki - don't you,  
Doctor?

DOCTOR WHO: (OVER) I'm not sure,  
Chesterton, I'm not sure. Where did you  
leave them?

IAN: (OVER) At the museum ...

(THE MOROK COMMANDER SIGNALS  
SILENCE TO THE MEN AND  
INDICATES FOR THEM TO MOVE  
UP TO STAND EACH SIDE OF  
THE OPEN DOOR.

AS THEY ARE DOING THIS,  
QUIETLY AND STEALTHILY,  
WE CUT TO:)

8. INT. PREPARATION ROOM. DAY.

(LOBOS AND THE MOROK  
GUARD ONE ARE AGAINST  
THE WALL, COVERED BY  
IAN. DOCTOR WHO IS  
MOVING AROUND THOUGHTFULLY)

DOCTOR WHO: And the Tardis?

IAN: It's standing outside the museum  
building ...



(THE DOCTOR CONTINUES TO  
THINK DEEPLY, NODDING)

DOCTOR WHO: Mm - I see ...

IAN: What's the problem? We must have  
changed our future by now, Doctor!

DOCTOR WHO: I'm not sure of that either,  
Chesterton. Have we? Or have we merely  
been following the prescribed train of  
events, mmm?

IAN: I've just got you off that thing!

9. INT. LOBOS' OFFICE. DAY.

(THE MOROK COMMANDER SIGNALS  
HIS GUARDS TO GET READY,  
THEY DRAW, OR HAVE DRAWN  
THEIR RAY GUNS.

AS THEY PREPARE TO MOVE  
INTO THE ROOM, DOCTOR WHO  
MOVES ACROSS TO LOBOS SO  
THAT BOTH HE AND IAN  
HAVE THEIR BACKS TO THE DOOR)

10. INT. PREPARATION ROOM. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR HAS CROSSED  
TO DIRECT HIS NEXT REMARK  
TO GOVERNOR LOBOS)

DOCTOR WHO: True - but I'm sure the  
Governor here would be delighted to see us  
both back on it. Am I correct?

(AT THIS POINT THE MOROK GUARDS,  
AND THE COMMANDER, STORM  
THROUGH THE DOOR.

IAN HALF TURNS, BUT ONE OF  
THE GUARDS CRASHES HIM ACROSS  
THE BACK OF THE NECK AND  
SHOULDER WITH A RAY GUN AND  
IAN CRUMBLES TO THE FLOOR  
AS IF POLE-AXED.

DOCTOR WHO TURNS WILDLY BUT  
THE MOROK COMMANDER PUTS HIS  
RAY GUN INCHES FROM THE  
DOCTOR'S NOSE, AND THE DOCTOR,  
WIDE-EYED, STARES AT IT.

LOBOS MOVES RIGHT BACK  
IN ON THE DOCTOR WITH:)

LOBOS: You are correct, Doctor. And it  
would appear that I shall have my wish.

(WE HOLD ON THE DOCTOR'S  
REACTION MOMENTARILY, AND  
THEN CUT TO:)

11. EXT. MUSEUM BUILDING. DAY.

(THE MOROK GUARD TWO IS  
STANDING AT HIS POST. WE HOLD  
ON HIM THEN WATCH AS HE  
BECOMES AWARE OF A SLIGHT  
NOISE.

HE REACTS, AND LOOKS TOWARDS  
THE ENTRANCE DOORS, THOUGHTFULLY.  
WE PAN ACROSS INTO THE DOORS,  
AND:)

12. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(BARBARA AND DAKO ARE MOVING  
VERY SLOWLY ALONG THE LAST  
LENGTH OF CORRIDOR TO THE  
DOORS.

BREATHING HEAVILY, AND EACH  
STEP MADE IN AGONY)

BARBARA: Just a few more feet ... that's  
all ...

DAKO: There'll be guards out there, Barbara.  
Waiting for us.

BARBARA: I realise that, Dako - I'm probably  
playing right into their hands - doing what  
I'm supposed to do.

DAKO: I don't understand.



BARBARA: Mm? Sorry, I'm thinking aloud. At least we'll stand some sort of chance outside.

DAKO: Huh - chance of what?

(THEY EDGE THEIR WAY FORWARD  
AT A PAINFULLY SLOW RATE OF  
PROGRESS)

13. EXT. MUSEUM BUILDING. DAY.

(WE COME UP ON THE  
MOROK GUARD TWO, LOOKING  
IN THROUGH THE DOORS. HE  
SMILES TO HIMSELF, PLEASED.

HE REACHES A DECISION AND,  
AS HE MOVES AWAY)

14. INT. LOBOS' OFFICE. DAY.

(WE COME UP ON THE MOROK  
GUARD ONE STANDING IN  
FRONT OF LOBOS, WHO IS  
SEATED BEHIND HIS DESK. THE  
MOROK COMMANDER AT HIS SIDE.

WE PULL OUT AS THE MOROK  
COMMANDER IS GIVING HIS  
REPORT TO LOBOS)

COMMANDER: I met this soldier on his way  
here; asked him what he was doing and he  
said reporting to you. On your orders.

(LOBOS NODS, TURNS TO LOOK  
FROM THE COMMANDER TO  
THE GUARD)

GUARD ONE: I was a prisoner of one of the  
aliens, sir. He had a gun.

LOBOS: Which he took from you!

GUARD ONE: Yes, sir.

COMMANDER: I posted a relief guard, and came here to see what had happened.

LOBOS: You did well, Commander.

(THE COMMANDER IS PLEASED  
AT THE PRAISE. LOBOS GETS  
UP FROM THE DESK)

LOBOS: Have this man placed under close arrest ...

(THE INTERCOM ON THE  
DESK BUZZES AND LOBOS  
LEANS ACROSS TO FLICK  
A SWITCH)

LOBOS: What is it?

GUARD TWO: (OVER) Relief guard; exit 417.  
The aliens are just about to leave the museum.

LOBOS: Good. Good! Detain them there!  
I'll send extra men.

GUARD TWO: (OVER) Yes, sir.

(LOBOS FLICKS OVER ANOTHER  
CONTROL SWITCH, LOOKING UP  
AT THE COMMANDER)

LOBOS: It seems that this little diversion  
will soon be at an end, Commander.

(LOBOS TURNS BACK TO THE  
CONTROL UNIT, AS THE COMMANDER  
NODS, LOBOS DEPRESSES THE  
SWITCH, IRRITATED)

LOBOS: Strange. No reply from the barracks.

(LOBOS FLICKS THE SWITCH  
SEVERAL TIMES, THEN GIVES UP.  
HE LOOKS UP AT THE GUARD  
THEN AT THE COMMANDER)

It seems that a faulty connection has  
given our friend here another chance.

LOBOS: (cont) (TO GUARD) Go with the  
Commander ...  
(TO BOTH) Bring the aliens to me.

(THE MOROK COMMANDER SALUTES)

COMMANDER: Yes, sir.

(THE COMMANDER LEAVES THE  
OFFICE BECKONING THE GUARD  
TO FOLLOW WHICH HE DOES.

LOBOS ALLOWS THEM TO MOVE  
OUT, THEN MOVES ACROSS TO  
THE ADJOINING DOOR OF THE  
PREPARATION ROOM)

15. INT. PREPARATION ROOM. DAY.

(LOBOS APPEARS AT THE DOOR  
AND LOOKS IN.

DOCTOR WHO, AND IAN SEATED,  
ARE WATCHED BY THE GUARDS  
WHO CAME WITH THE MOROK  
COMMANDER.

IAN IS RUBBING THE  
BACK OF HIS NECK  
WHERE THE BLOW HAS  
STRUCK HIM)

LOBOS: I've just had a word about your  
friends.

(DOCTOR WHO AND IAN REACT,  
LOOK UP)

Don't worry they're safe. You'll all be  
together again soon. Perhaps for centuries.

(LOBOS SMILES A GLOATING  
SMILE, AND, AS WE GET  
DOCTOR WHO AND IAN  
REACTING TO THIS)



16. EXT. MUSEUM BUILDING. DAY.

(WE COME UP ON THE MOROK  
GUARD TWO, COVERING THE  
ENTRANCE DOORS TO THE  
MUSEUM WITH HIS RAY GUN.

SECONDS AFTER WE GO  
IN THE DOORS OPEN  
AND BARBARA AND DAKO  
STAGGER OUT INTO THE  
FRESH AIR, GULPING IN  
BREATHS)

GUARD TWO: Halt! Stay there!

(BARBARA AND DAKO FOLLOW ORDERS)

Back - against the wall.

DAKO: Sorry, Barbara.

BARBARA: For what? It's not your fault.

GUARD TWO: No talking. Put your hands on  
your heads.

(BARBARA AND DAKO DO AS  
THEY ARE TOLD. THEY STAND  
AGAINST THE WALL, HANDS  
CLASPED ON THE TOP OF  
THEIR HEADS. THEY ARE GLAD  
OF THE REST IN A  
WAY AND TRY TO REGAIN  
THEIR SENSES.

THE MOROK GUARD EYES THEM  
SUSPICIOUSLY, VERY MUCH ALERT,  
AND ON GUARD.

HE WATCHES THEM SO CLOSELY  
HE DOES NOT NOTICE VICKI  
AND SITA MOVE INTO THE  
FOREGROUND OF THE PICTURE  
BEHIND HIM. SITA RAISES HIS GUN.

BARBARA SEES THEM THERE,  
AND REACTS)

SITA: (CALLING) Soldier!

(THE MOROK GUARD TWO  
TURNS, WITH HIS RAY GUN  
AT THE READY. SITA, HOWEVER,  
FIRES BEFORE HE CAN TAKE  
AIM. WITH A CRY THE MOROK  
GUARD TWO COLLAPSES MOANING  
IN A HEAP.)

VICKI IS ALREADY MOVING  
IN ON BARBARA)

VICKI: Barbara - are you all right? You  
look terrible.

BARBARA: Well, thank you! (THEN) Yes,  
Vicki, I'm all right.

(SITA HAS MOVED ACROSS TO  
DAKO. THEY STAND TOGETHER,  
DAKO TRYING TO CLEAR  
HIS HEAD)

DAKO: Sita! Where did you come from?  
And guns.

SITA: Yes, the revolution's finally  
started! We broke into the armoury. Tor's  
leading the attack on the Morok barracks.

DAKO: Why aren't you there?

SITA: We came for you.

(WE LOSE DAKO AND SITA  
IN THE BACKGROUND RESUMING  
ON BARBARA AND VICKI)

VICKI: Is Ian still inside?

BARBARA: I don't see how he could be,  
Vicki. Those guards must have taken him  
away.

VICKI: To wherever the Doctor is, I suppose.  
We've got to find them, Barbara. There's  
a chance for us now.

BARBARA: Why - what's happened?

VICKI: It's going to be all right. I know it is. When the revolution's successful, Tor and the Xerons are going to destroy the museum, and all the exhibits. Well - we can't be put in a museum that doesn't exist, can we?

(SITA MOVES BACK FROM TALKING  
WITH DAKO, AND UP TO VICKI  
AND BARBARA)

SITA: Dako and myself are going to find Tor - are you coming?

VICKI: No, I don't think so. Are we, Barbara?

BARBARA: It depends on whether we can find out where Ian and the Doctor were taken. We may as well go with Sita if it means just wandering around aimlessly.

VICKI: Where would they be taken?

SITA: To the Governor's office I expect - first of all, anyway.

VICKI: Well we don't want to go there!

MOROK COMMANDER: (VOICE OVER) Possibly not - but that's where you are going!

(WE GET A WIDE SHOT AND  
SEE THE MOROK COMMANDER  
AND THE MOROK GUARD ONE  
STANDING NEARBY. RAY GUNS  
AT THE READY.)

SITA BRINGS UP HIS RAY GUN  
BUT THE COMMANDER HAS  
ALREADY FIRED. SITA FALLS  
WITH A CRY, AND SPRAWLS  
OUT ON THE FLOOR

VICKI, ALSO, IS STILL  
HOLDING HER RAY GUN,  
BUT SHE MAKES NO ATTEMPT  
TO USE IT. SHE MOVES TO  
SITA, HORRIFIED)

VICKI: Sita. Sita!



(THE MOROK COMMANDER STRIDES  
ACROSS AND TEARS THE RAY GUN  
FROM HER HANDS.

THE MOROK GUARD ONE HAS MOVED  
ACROSS DURING THIS ACTION AND  
GIVEN THE UNARMED DAKO A BLOW  
ACROSS THE FACE WITH THE BUTT  
END OF HIS RAY GUN. DAKO FALLS  
UNCONSCIOUS TO THE FLOOR AND  
THE MOROK GUARD ONE COVERS  
BARBARA.

THE MOROK COMMANDER PUSHES  
VICKI BESIDE HER, THEN LOOKS  
AT THE RAY GUN HE HOLDS, THE  
ONE HE TOOK FROM VICKI)

COMMANDER: Where did you get this?

(VICKI DOESN'T ANSWER. BARBARA  
MOVES IN PROTECTIVELY)

COMMANDER: I asked you a question!

VICKI: I ... I can't remember ...

(THE COMMANDER JERKS HIS  
HEAD FOR THE MOROK GUARD  
TO COME TO HIM. HE DOES SO)

COMMANDER: Do you know of any guerrilla  
actions against the occupying force?

GUARD ONE: None recently.

COMMANDER: Any arms fell into Xeron hands?

GUARD ONE: No, sir. Not that I know of.

(THE MOROK COMMANDER LOOKS  
AT THE RAY GUN, THEN AT  
VICKI)

COMMANDER: It looks as though the Governor  
will have more than the usual batch of  
questions to ask! Move!

(THE MOROK GUARD ONE, AND  
THE COMMANDER DIRECT BARBARA  
AND VICKI TO MARCH AWAY.

WE FOLLOW THEM ALL OUT OF  
FRAME AND CLOSE IN ON DAKO  
IN A CRUMPLED HEAP ON THE  
FLOOR. WE HOLD, THEN:)

17. INT. LOBOS' OFFICE. DAY.

(LOBOS IS SITTING BEHIND HIS  
DESK. THE MOROK COMMANDER  
IS IN THE ROOM, PACING.  
LOBOS HAS THE RAY GUN  
CONFISCATED FROM VICKI  
ON THE DESK IN FRONT OF  
HIM. LOBOS LOOKS AT THE  
GUN, PICKS IT UP, THEN  
EXASPERATED FLICKS ONE OF  
THE SWITCHES ON THE  
INTERCOM ON HIS DESK)

COMMANDER: No answer, sir?

LOBOS: None Commander. First the barracks -  
now the armoury. Well the soldier will call  
and report as soon as he gets there.

COMMANDER: Yes, sir. (THEN) Er ... you  
don't think ..?

LOBOS: I don't think anything, Commander.  
Except that this weapon came from the weapons  
store.

(LOBOS PUTS THE GUN DOWN.  
THE MOROK COMMANDER MOVES  
AWAY, LISTENS AT THE DOOR  
OF THE PREPARATION ROOM,  
NOW CLOSED AND LOCKED)

Are they talking?

COMMANDER: Apparently not ...

(THE COMMANDER NODS  
TOWARDS THE DOOR)

COMMANDER: What happens to them?

LOBOS: The problem will keep, Commander.  
They'll go into the museum as planned.

(THE MOROK COMMANDER NODS,  
MOVES AWAY FROM THE DOOR  
LEADING INTO THE PREPARATION  
ROOM. WE CLOSE IN ON IT AND:)

18. INT. PREPARATION ROOM. DAY.

(IAN IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF  
THE DOOR. HE LOOKS AT IT,  
TRIES TO OPEN IT IN A WAY  
TO SUGGEST HE HAS TRIED  
MANY TIMES BEFORE, THEN  
HITS IT WITH HIS FIST IN  
A FRUSTRATED KIND OF WAY.

WE PULL OUT TO SHOW DOCTOR  
WHO IS SITTING IN THE CHAIR,  
WIPING HIS FACE WITH HIS  
HANDKERCHIEF AS THOUGH THE  
ROOM IS NOW BECOMING TOO  
HOT FOR HIM.

BARBARA AND VICKI ARE STANDING  
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM.  
THERE IS A GENERAL AIR OF  
DEPRESSION)

DOCTOR: You can save your strength, Chesterton  
It'll take more than that to get us out of  
this situation.

(IAN DOES NOT ANSWER AT FIRST,  
HE MOVES ACROSS TO THE CONTROL  
BOX OF THE FREEZING PROCESS,  
STANDS GLARING AT IT)

IAN: So - exhibits in a forgotten museum.  
That's how it all ends?

(HE PICKS UP THE BOX, DELIBERATELY  
SMASHES IT)

Well it won't be on this contraption, that's  
for sure!

DOCTOR: My boy, one can hardly call me a  
pessimist, but I should think it most unlikely  
that that was the only "contraption" of its  
kind.



-55-  
BARBARA: I think Ian's entitled to let off some steam, Doctor. If I'd have thought of it, I would have smashed it myself.

DOCTOR: Yes, yes - so would I have done.

VICKI: Just listen to you all! We must have changed the future - we just have done!

(VICKI HAS MOVED ACROSS TO THE DOCTOR POSSIBLY FOR CONFIRMATION OF HER LAST STATEMENT. HE SMILES AT HER ENCOURAGINGLY)

BARBARA: Did we, Vicki? Or were all things we did, laid out for us? Four separate journeys and choices - that led all the time closer to here.

(THERE IS A GENERAL SILENCE. THEY ARE, AFTER ALL, THERE)

It might have never happened if I'd stayed in that museum ...

DOCTOR: Or if I hadn't got myself captured, huh?

IAN: Well if everyone's joining in, I could have ... oh, what does it matter?

VICKI: It hasn't happened yet, you know!

DOCTOR: Yes, Vicki's right.

IAN: But it's just a question of time, isn't it, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Not necessarily.

BARBARA: But what can we do now to change things?

DOCTOR: Nothing ...(cont...)

(BARBARA REACTS, THE DOCTOR PICKS HER UP WITH)

DOCTOR: (cont) ...but that isn't our only hope. You've got to remember, Barbara, that for the short time we've been on this planet, we've met people, spoken to them, and maybe even influenced them.

VICKI: That's what I was trying to say, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I know you were, my child, I know you were.

IAN: You mean we don't necessarily have to change our own future. It could be changed for us?

DOCTOR: Yes, something like that. Future changes do not depend on specific happenings, Chesterton. Our personalities, ourselves, we can change things in other people so that indirectly we can have a hand in the shaping of events that might, or might not, still save us!

(WE CHANGE ANGLE IN ON VICKI,  
AS MUCH TO HERSELF AS ANYTHING)

VICKI: Like the revolution ...

(WE HOLD ON VICKI MOMENTARILY,  
AND THEN)

19. EXT. MUSEUM BUILDING. DAY.

(WE COME UP ON THE EXTERIOR OF THE MUSEUM SET. SITA AND DAKO ARE STILL THERE AS BEFORE. DAKO IS STARTING TO COME ROUND, AND MOVES SLIGHTLY, NOT YET SUFFICIENTLY RECOVERED TO STAND.

AS SOON AS WE GO IN WE HEAR THE NOISE OF A LARGE CROWD, MOSTLY SOME WAY OFF BUT A FRINGE GETTING NEARER. WE SEE A COUPLE OF MOROK GUARDS BACK UP TO THE BUILDING, FIRING THEIR RAY GUNS PAST THE CAMERA.

THEY COLLAPSE ON THE FLOOR AS TOR, LEADING A BAND OF XERONS MOVE INTO SHOT, FIRING THEIR GUNS AND YELLING.

A COUPLE MORE MOROK GUARDS TURN THE CORNER OF THE BUILDING, SEE TOR'S MOB AND QUICKLY RUSH THROUGH THE ENTRANCE DOORS. TWO XERONS BREAK AWAY FROM THE MAIN GROUP AND PURSUE THEM.

TOR MOVES ACROSS, LOOKS AT SITA, SEES THAT HE IS DEAD, AND REGISTERS: THEN TOR MOVES ACROSS TO THE MOVING DAKO.

ONE OF HIS GROUP FIRES HIS RAY GUN AND BRINGS DOWN ANOTHER MOROK GUARD. THE GUARD FALLS NEARBY. TOR TURNS TO LOOK, THEN GIVES HIS ATTENTION TO DAKO)

20. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(THE TWO MOROK GUARDS WHO BROKE AWAY ARE RUNNING DOWN THE CORRIDOR, AWAY FROM THE CAMERA.

THE PURSUING XERONS MOVE INTO FRAME; STOP, FIRE THEIR GUNS.

THE TWO MOROK GUARDS COLLAPSE, SPRAWL HEADLONG ON THE FLOOR)

21. EXT. MUSEUM BUILDING. DAY.

(WE RESUME ON TOR AND DAKO, THE NOISE OF THE CROWD, OCCASIONAL FIRING AND RUNNING FEET AUDIBLE)

TOR: Dako - It's Tor ...

(DAKO STRUGGLES TO COME ROUND, RECOGNISES TOR)

DAKO: Tor! The ...barracks, did you?

TOR: Yes - destroyed. The Moroks are on the run.

(DAKO SMILES, LOOKS VERY PLEASED)

TOR: And Vicki? Do you know what happened?

DAKO: She found ... then the Moroks came, and ...



TOR: They took them?

(DAKO NODS WEAKLY)

TOR: Where to Dako? Where did they take them?

DAKO: Not sure - the Governor I think.

(TOR LOOKS DOWN AT DAKO, GRABS  
AT ONE OF HIS GROUP)

TOR: Stay with him.

(TOR SIGNALS TO THE REST OF HIS  
GROUP)

TOR: The rest of you - come with me!

(TOR LEADS THE XERONS OFF FRAME,  
AND, AS HE DOES SO, WE:)

22. INT. LOBOS' OFFICE. DAY.

(WE COME UP ON THE BUZZING INTERCOM,  
PULL OUT AS LOBOS COMES ACROSS TO  
ANSWER IT. THE MOROK COMMANDER IS  
IN THE BACKGROUND)

LOBOS: Yes? Armoury.

GUARD ONE: (OVER) Yes, sir ...

LOBOS: What's happened? What took you so  
long?

GUARD ONE: (OVER) It's been attacked! The  
weapons have gone!

LOBOS: What! Stay there - I'll have soldiers...

GUARD ONE: (OVER) No - the barracks have been  
wiped out. The Xerons have gone mad!

(WE HEAR A NOISE FROM THE OTHER  
END, A SCUFFLING, THEN A CRY, FOLLOWED  
BY SILENCE)

LOBOS: Hello? Hello! This is Governor Lobos...

(WE HEAR NOTHING, THEN THERE IS A GENTLE LAUGH FROM THE OTHER END. LOBOS FLICKS BACK THE SWITCH HURRIEDLY, BACKS AWAY.

THEN, TURNING TO THE MOROK COMMANDER:)

We can still get away! I've got a ship standing by at the launching port.

(LOBOS OPENS HIS DESK ETC. GETS A BAG, OR MERELY STUFFS AS MANY POSSESSIONS AS HE CAN INTO HIS POCKETS, WORKING AT GREAT SPEED. HE LOOKS AROUND THE OFFICE, MAKING SURE HE HAS EVERYTHING OF IMPORTANCE.

THE MOROK COMMANDER, MEANTIME, COLLECTED A RAY GUN. HE MOVES TO OFFICE DOOR, OPENS IT, LOOKS OUT, RAY GUN AT THE READY. HE MOVES BACK IN AND WAITS FOR LOBOS, THEN WHEN THE GOVERNOR IS READY:)

COMMANDER: What about the aliens?

(LOBOS THINKS, IT SEEMS AS THOUGH HE IS NOT GOING TO BOTHER, THEN, DECIDING:)

LOBOS: All this trouble started when they arrived. Kill them!

(THE COMMANDER NODS, MOVES TO THE PREPARATION ROOM DOOR, OPENS IT. LOBOS MOVES IN BESIDE THE COMMANDER, RAISES HIS RAY GUN AS WELL. WE CAN SEE THE DOCTOR, IAN, BARBARA AND VICKI THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR.

WE GET THE NOISE AND EFFECT OF RAY GUNS FIRING.

THERE IS A SLIGHT PAUSE DURING WHICH NOTHING HAPPENS, THEN, LOBOS TURNS TOWARDS THE OPENED OFFICE DOOR, AND FALLS, AS THE MOROK COMMANDER ALSO COLLAPSES TO THE FLOOR.

IN THE DOORWAY WE SEE TOR WITH HIS GROUP OF XERONS, THEIR RAY GUNS HAVING JUST FIRED.

VICKI IS FIRST OUT OF THE PREPARATION ROOM, RUNNING THROUGH TO GREET TOR)

TOR: Vicki!

VICKI: Tor!

(WE TRACK PAST THEIR JOYFUL, EXCITED HUGS, ON TO DOCTOR WHO, BARBARA AND IAN WHO STAND, FRAMED IN THE DOOR.

DOCTOR WHO LOOKS AT BARBARA AND IAN ON EACH SIDE OF HIM IN TURN, WITH:)

DOCTOR WHO: Mmm - the future doesn't look too bad after all, does it?

(BARBARA AND IAN SMILE AT THE DOCTOR, AND WE HOLD)

RECORDING BREAK

23. EXT. MUSEUM BUILDING. DAY.

(WE COME UP ON THE MUSEUM BUILDING EXTERIOR. TOR IS STANDING WITH VICKI NEAR THE ENTRANCE DOORS DIRECTING THE XERONS WHO ARE TAKING, FROM THE MUSEUM, ARTICLES THAT HAVE BEEN EXHIBITED THERE, AND CARRYING THEM OFF FRAME.

WE ESTABLISH THIS SCENE, THEN CLOSE IN ON BARBARA AND IAN STANDING OUTSIDE THE TARDIS, AND ALSO WATCHING THE PROCEEDINGS)

BARBARA: Well - they certainly didn't waste much time in dismantling the museum!

IAN: No - it must be quite a feeling getting your own planet back ...

(IAN AND BARBARA TURN AS, DURING THESE LAST TWO SENTENCES, DOCTOR WHO HAS COME OUT OF THE TELEPHONE BOX. HE HOLDS A SMALL CONDENSER IN HIS HAND)

DOCTOR WHO: Ah, there you are - well, that's it, the cause of all this dimensional trouble we've been having.



(THE DOCTOR HOLDS OUT THE SMALL  
CONDENSER. IAN TAKES IT, LOOKS AT IT)

IAN: Mmm - I suppose it saved us in a way.

DOCTOR WHO: Funny how it happened. (TO  
BARBARA) It stuck, you know, yes. I don't  
know whether you've ever been into a room, and  
switched the light on - and had to wait. oh,  
a second or two before it actually lit.

BARBARA: Well, yes, I have; everybody has I  
suppose.

DOCTOR WHO: Same sort of problem. We landed on  
a separate time-track; and wandered around, but  
it wasn't until that little thing clicked into  
place that we actually arrived here.

(IAN HANDS BACK THE CONDENSER)

IAN: Thank you for taking the trouble to  
explain.

DOCTOR WHO: Oh, anytime, dear boy, anytime.  
(THEN) Goodness gracious me - look at that!

(THE DOCTOR MOVES OUT, FOLLOWED  
BY IAN AND BARBARA. TWO XERONS  
ARE CARRYING OUT WHAT LOOKS TO  
BE A VERY FUTURISTIC TELEVISION  
SET)

DOCTOR WHO: A time-space visualiser! Just  
fancy! (CALLS) Tor - Tor!

(TOR AND VICKI COME ACROSS, JOIN  
THE GROUP)

TOR: Yes, Doctor?

DOCTOR WHO: What's going to happen to this,  
mmm?

VICKI: It's going to be broken up.

DOCTOR WHO: I was asking this young man.

TOR: Vicki's right. We only want on Xeros what belongs to Xeros.

DOCTOR: Yes, well - I wonder if you'd mind us taking this - as a souvenir, mm?

TOR: Have it by all means.

IAN: Probably doesn't work.

DOCTOR: I can soon fix it up.

BARBARA: What does it do exactly?

DOCTOR WHO: You'll see, my dear, you'll see. Chesterton, carry it inside for me, will you?

(IAN NODS, MOVES FORWARD, TAKES IT,  
GOES OUT OF FRAME AS:)

DOCTOR WHO: And mind how you go. Careful ...  
Careful!

(THE DOCTOR WATCHES IT OFF,  
TURNS BACK TO VICKI)

DOCTOR WHO: Mmm ... said your goodbyes, Child?

(VICKI NODS, LOOKS DOWN)

TOR: Thank you, Doctor.

DOCTOR WHO: Oh, nonsense, nonsense. We did nothing, you did it all yourselves.

TOR: Your party made our revolution a success.

(TOR LOOKS AT VICKI, SHE DOES NOT  
LOOK AT HIM. THERE IS A MOMENT'S  
SILENCE, THEN)

DOCTOR WHO: Yes, well - it's time we were moving. Goodbye, Tor ...

(THERE ARE AD-LIB FAREWELLS. DOCTOR WHO



AND BARBARA AND VICKI MOVE ACROSS TO THE BOX, JUST AS IAN REAPPEARS IN THE DOOR. HE IS BUSTLED INSIDE AGAIN.

WE ANGLE ROUND AND SHOW VICKI, THE LAST ONE IN. SHE WAVES, AND SMILES. WE CUT TO SHOW TOR, SMILING, STANDING AMONGST THE XERONS, WAVING BACK)

CUT TELECINE:

The Tardis de-materialises slowly and we hear the usual sounds. In seconds all that is left is the plain museum wall it was standing against.

( Sound dubbed: Tardis sounds.)

CUT

Photo Captions

The space sky. Millions of stars in thousands of galaxies. We HOLD this then start to ZOOM in slowly.

MIX

We are amongst the stars, and planets can now be seen. We PICKOUT one larger planet, and continue to ZOOM IN on this.

MIX

The planet in CLOSER SHOT. We are still ZOOMING IN, and, when the planet surface fills the screen, we:

END TELECINE.

24. INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

(WE FEATURE A ONE  
FLAT SET. A CONTROL  
PANEL OF FLASHING  
LIGHTS, ETC. A DALEK



STANDS, WATCHING THIS,  
THEN TURNS AS WE GO  
IN)

DALEK VOICE: Our greatest enemies have left  
the Planet Xeros. They are once again in  
time, and space.

DALEK SUPREME: (OVER) They cannot escape!  
Our time machine will soon follow them. They  
will be exterminated. Exterminated.  
Exterminated!!!!

(WE HOLD, THEN:  
FADE OUT)

SUPOSE CAM Caption:

"Next episode - The Executioners"

(THE CREDIT CAPTION  
FADES.

CLOSING MUSIC)

SUPOSE CAM Caption  
Titles

FADE OUT